

The Native

"OUR COUNTRY, ALWAYS RIGHT,"

Vol. IV.] CITY OF WASHINGTON,

POETRY.

From "Lady Byron" and other poems of McDonald Clarke.

OLD IRONSIDES.

Aye, put her action on the log-book of Fame,
Her voice always rang from the van
When she bore down in thunder and darkness and flame—
Crash—foundering each foe that before her came.
The old sailor's soul flashes up at her name,
And her yards young Americans man.

Fill her canvas, my boys, with a full round of
cheers
From hearts that are sound to the core;
She's braved the hot whirlwind of battle for years
A flag, never struck, at her mizen appears—
Bristling banners with awe her artillery hears,
For victory breathes in its rear.

She's wrestled the wrath of Winter's gale
When the whitecaps of the Atlantic's breast,
A flag, never struck, at her mizen appears—
Bristling banners with awe her artillery hears,
For victory breathes in its rear.

Her deck's been trampled by Slaughter's feet—
Her scuppers choked tight with gore—
She pressed on, the proud pioneer of the Fleet,
Every heart kept time to the death-drum's beat,
Every muscle firm as the iron clasp,
While the broad flag of Freedom she bore.

That standard has flared over many a fight,
Whose noise the night-tempest out grew,
When our Country frowned for the sailor's right,
Read each decree by the cannon's dark light,
Tyranny's face turned suddenly white
When we brought down her banner of blue.

Often, again, as in years that are past
Will our old ship undaunted dash on,
Her colors defiantly nailed to the mast,
Her ports open wide to the blaze and the blast,
She will front every danger and death to the last,
New York, 12th Sept. 1840.

From the Lady's Book for November.

THE SUN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY

Eye of thy Maker, which hath never slept,
Since the Eternal voice from chaos said
"Let there be light!"—great monarch of the day,
How shall our dark, cold strain, fit welcome speak,
Fit praise?—Lo! the poor pagan, kneeling, views
Thy burning chariot, to the highest sky
Roll on resistless, and with awe exclaims
"The god!—the god!"—And shall we blame his
creed,
For whom no heaven hath opened, to reveal
A better faith? Where else could he desire
Such image of the Deity?—such power
With goodness blending?—From the ready grass,
To the most tremulous and tender shoot
Of the Mimosa, from the shrub-like bud
Nurtured in the green house, to the gnarled oak
Notching a thousand winters on its trunk,
Are all the children of thy love, oh sun!—
And by thy smile sustain'd.

Unresting orb!—
Pursue'st thou, 'mid the labyrinth of space
Some pathway of thine own? Say, dost thou sweep
With all thy marshall'd planets in thy train,
In grand procession, on thro' boundless space,
Age after age, toward some mysterious point
Mark'd by His finger, who doth write thy date,
Thy "venerable men" let "hol" on the walls
Of the blue vault that spans our universe?
—But Thou, who rule'st the sun, the astonished soul
Faints, as it takes thy name. Almost it fears
To be forgotten, 'mid the myriad worlds
Which thou hast made.

And yet the sickliest leaf,
The feeblest effluence of the moss,
That drinks the dew, reproves our unbelief,
The frail field-lily, who no florist's eye
Regards, doth win a garland from Thee,
To kings denied. So while to dust we bow,
Nay, and our—oh! bid us learn the lore
Gave on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear,
As on yon disk of fire—to tread in Thee.

MISCELLANY.

From the New England Review.

SAM PATCH'S LAST LEAP.

The memory of Sam Patch will live forever! Associated as is his name with the Falls of Genesee, whose terrific waters go their majestic thundering down the dizzy depths of one hundred and twenty feet, into the awful chasm that engulfed his body from all human view, it becomes a part of their history and forms an era and an event which cannot be overlooked. The following description of his "last leap," which occurred at these Falls ten years since, was written by a gentleman who witnessed his airy flight, and may be depended upon as correct. "Some things can be done as well as others," said Sam, and as the last word died upon his lip, he leaped into eternity!

If our memory does not fail us, it was in the fall of 1830 when Sam Patch made his appearance in Rochester, N. Y., to take (as he said) his "last leap" over the Genesee Falls. He was just in the prime of life, well formed, and possessed of that bold and reckless daring so necessary to accomplish a feat fraught with so much danger as the one he was about to perform.

Perhaps it may be well here to observe that in the spring previous he had jumped these falls and came out below with safety, and without any apparent injury; otherwise it might be supposed that he was insane, or intended suicide.

At the appointed time the people began to assemble from all directions, the old and the young; and among them might have been seen many who had come from the adjoining towns and villages, all pressing on with eager haste, each anxious to precede his neighbor, in order to

secure the most eligible position; their faces beaming with joy, and pleasure in anticipation of viewing so novel and interesting a scene.

The banks on each side of the river below the falls which are from 100 to 200 feet in height, were completely covered with spectators. Some of the most daring in their anxiety to obtain a place from which they could have an unobstructed view, forgot for a moment the danger to which they were subjecting themselves, and stood upon the very verge of the precipice, while the timid and cautious occupied the more elevated and less dangerous positions. The roofs of the houses, the windows, and every accessible point from which a view could be obtained, were literally crowded; probably presenting one of the most animated and lively scenes ever witnessed on the banks of the Genesee.

The point from which our adventurer was to make his descent was a small island situated about mid-way of the river, on which, near the brink of the precipice, was erected a staging 24 feet high, making an elevation of 120 feet from the water below, the falls being at this place 96 feet in height.

All were impatiently awaiting his arrival, when his coming was announced by the loud cheering of those who had assembled on the island, which continued but a moment, then all was silent. A few moments elapsed—he then emerged from the multitude—ascended the ladder to the top of the staging, approached the edge of the platform, and surveying with a scrutinizing glance the gulf below, apparently lost in thought and contemplation of the frightful part he was about to act, and the fearful consequences that might follow. But, as if recollecting himself again, he stepped back, turned and addressed a few words to those who were in his immediate vicinity, bid his friends a last farewell, and with one bound cleared himself from the platform, and descended into the watery element below! A splash, a few ripples on the water, and all was over! Every eye was riveted on the spot, gazing with the utmost anxiety, expecting every moment to see him rise to the surface, but, alas! they were doomed to disappointment; nothing was to be seen, but the agitated waters, and not a sound was heard but the continuous roar of the mighty cataract. Soon the awful truth flashed upon our minds that he had fallen a victim to his own temerity, and sunk to rise no more, and this was truly and emphatically his "last leap."

Search was immediately made for his body, but it was not found until the next spring, when it was picked up and interred on the shore of Lake Ontario, near the mouth of the Genesee river.

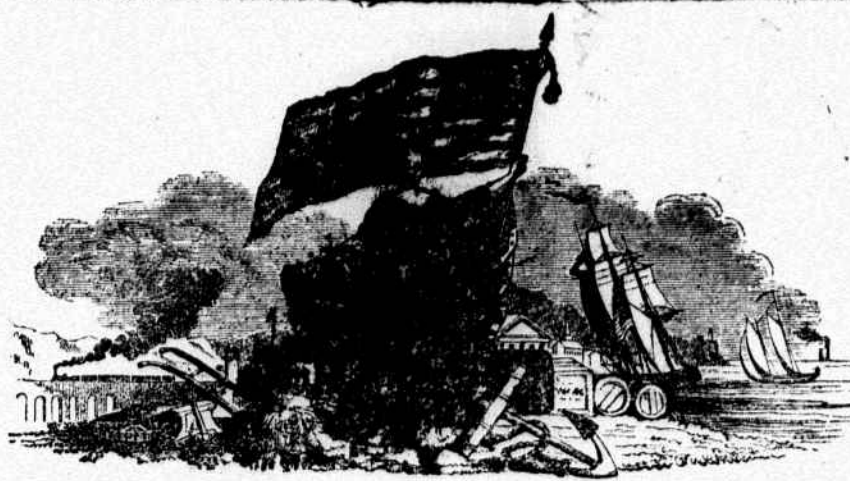
THE MONUMENT ONCE MORE.—We learn from one of the managers of the Bunker Hill Monument Association that the proceeds of the Elssler benefit, though impliedly accepted by the President's answer to the opera dancer's note, has been received by the Treasurer. We have been misled in this foolish business by the statements of the Boston papers—some of which said at first that \$1,10 had been paid over, and afterwards maintained that \$565 was the sum given. No one penny has been received from the Manager of the Tremont Theatre; although the funds were, no doubt, left in his possession. Such is the state of public feeling that the money will probably be refused altogether and absolutely, and remitted to Miss Elssler and Mons. Sylvan—in payment of their services.

The following is the true state of the present funds of the Association:

Funds on hand	\$1,000
Received from the Ladies' Fair and contemporaneous donations	30,000
Received from Amos Lawrence	10,000
	44,000
Paid on old debt	7,000
	37,000

In addition to the above, \$10,000 are expected from a gentleman in New Orleans. This will put the Association in funds to the amount of forty seven thousand dollars. The contract for building the Monument complete, requires \$43,800. This will leave \$3,200—which will prove sufficient for a plain iron fence around the structure.—New World.

Roots, such as beets, parsnips, carrots, vegetable oysters, &c., are frequently thrown into open bins in the cellar, and soon become wilted, and deprived of their flavor. They should be packed in barrels or bins, and the interspaces between the roots filled with sand, or sandy loam. In this way their freshness is preserved, and they can be kept good throughout the season. When used out, the sand may remain for use another year.



American.

BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1840.

[No. 10.]

From the Globe of October 19.

TO IRISHMEN, CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—No. 1.

MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: An unhallowed ambition on the part of certain leaders of the Opposition—the traitorous coalition of Northern Federalists and British bankers, of crazy Abolitionists and profligate politicians—their shameless hypocrisy, their vile and wicked corruptions, have brought the affairs of this powerful Republic to a crisis eminently momentous.

Regardless of the execration which posterity will fling upon their memory, these firebrands of Federalism and stipendiaries of Britain take a fiendish pleasure in the infancy of their vocation. Their chief delight consists in maligning the Government of their country, in traducing her enlightened institutions, and, oh, shame! in vilifying, for the brutal gratification of foreign foes, a certain class of their fellow citizens, among the finest specimens of the human race! Need I refer to the noble-hearted Virginian, and the liberal Carolinian planter, men whose lofty patriotism, dashing chivalry, graceful genius, generous hospitality, manly simplicity, and noble nature, would dignify and adorn any community in the world? Yes, my countrymen, these Federal Abolitionists especially exult in calumniating that section of the Union which is the favorite home of the patriotic. Bishop England, and the only portion of the Confederacy where an Irishman is sure, among the native population, to find a friend. Nor does their Satanic rancor rest here. No principle, however pure—no person, however sacred—if opposed to their incendiary designs and revolutionary projects, can escape the malignant denunciations and vulgar scurrility of this atrocious party. The more exalted and virtuous the individual, the more evened their rancor. By them, the President and his cabinet are never honorably assailed, nor the measures of his administration fairly canvassed. Neither the deductions of reason, nor the eloquence of truth, are ever brought to bear upon the principles of the one, or the policy of the other. No, no; such a system of warfare belongs not to Federal tactics. Honor and virtue is not their habit; and whether defeated at the polls or foiled in argument, their only resource is abuse, brutality and falsehood. And is not such a career of infamy perfectly in keeping with the characteristics of Federalism?

Federalism, my countrymen, is the idol of despots and the demon of discord. It has been conceived in treason, born in corruption, and baptized in the blood of the generous and the brave—it is the bitter and unrelenting enemy of popular rights and popular liberty—of equal laws and liberal government—it audaciously proclaims eternal hostility against the most revered and cherished principles of the social system—it triumphs in the distress and fatens on the calamities of the country—it is an exhalation from the regions of darkness, which, like the sirocco of the desert, dries up the life-blood, withers the heart, and paralyzes the energies of the philanthropist, the patriot, and the hero! Hence Federalism is the genius of despotism; it is that accursed principle which guides and actuates the grinding Governments of the old world; it is the bond of amity between British foes and domestic traitors—the Shibboleth of "Native Americanism"—the curse of the land of your birth, and the rawhead and bloody bones of the land of your adoption; in a word, Federalism, is that blood-dripping monster, Irish Orangeism, in all its naked abominations and diabolical deformities.

Let us, my countrymen, turn from this disgusting picture of the battered harriard of Federalism, to contemplate the youthful graces, the winning modesty and virgin purity of blooming benevolence, high-souled Democracy. Beautiful being! it gladdens the heart of an Irishman to look on you, for you are indeed the pride of the free and the paragon of virtue. Democracy, though humble, is proud, though unobtrusive and meek, is yet independent and dignified. Democracy never, like Federalism, measures a man's respectability by the length of his purse, and the impudence of his pretension; but by the nobility of his personal character, and the purity of his personal virtues. Upstart impudence and aristocratic hauteur may well become the worthless offspring of some privileged swindler and furnished Federal traitor, but with honest, high-minded Democracy, there is no other distinction between man and man, but integrity and talent. Her chief design and earnest desire is, not like that of Federalism, to break the spirit and crush the energies of man, but to reduce the sum of human misery and vice, and to augment that of human happiness and virtue. Democracy is to the industrious poor man, the handmaid of happiness, as she is to the whole human family at once the soul

gushing benevolence and the practical illustration of all the Christian virtues!

My countrymen, a Chief Magistrate of the Union is on the eve of election, and whether for weal or for woe, the consequences of this election must be transcendently interesting to the future welfare of our young Republic. It is not a rivalry for the honors and emoluments of office which has produced the tremendous excitement now prevailing the country. It is something far more grave and important; it is the mighty principles involved in the coming contest. It is the question, whether the rising destinies of this great country are to be crippled and crushed by the insulting surveillance of the stockjobbers of New York, or the money-changers of Threadneedle street; whether we are to become a nation of slaves, or continue a nation of freemen; whether we are to govern ourselves, or become the degraded serfs of banking bashaws. It is a question of liberty or slavery; a question the grandest, the most awful, that can command the energies, or enlist the faculties of man! It is, in short, a mortal struggle for political supremacy between the Democracy of Numbers and the Aristocracy of Wealth. The battle cry of the former is, Independence or death! the war whoop of the latter is, Biddle and the Barings forever!

On one side are arrayed the friends of equal rights, liberty, and law; on the other, the pensioned partisans of banking prerogative, partial legislation, and plundering monopoly. The hardy laborers, the enterprising mechanics, and the honest yeomanry of the Union, who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, are marshalled on the one side; while the manufacturing nabob, the lordly banker, and the rapacious Shylocks of Wall street are posted on the other—monsters whose food is the flesh of their fellow man, and whose drink is the tears of the widow and the orphan!

The result of this great battle for Democratic ascendancy and constitutional freedom must be eventful to the civilized world, and to no portion of it more deeply so than to the warm-hearted emigrants from the Emerald Isle. Since the days of the illustrious Jefferson, (with the exception of the four years' administration of the younger Adams,) Irishmen in America have ever found an asylum and a home; a liberal course of policy to wards citizens of foreign birth, has been systematically pursued by every Democratic Administration down to the present time. A course of conduct perfectly in character with the benevolent features of the Democratic creed, which proclaims kindness and love, peace and good will to all mankind. But mark the contrast, let Irishmen mark the revolting contrast between the divine benignity of Democracy and the blasting malignity of Federalism! Under the administration of elder Adams, Federalism—to day called Federal Whigery; yesterday it was "Native Americanism;" and should this odious party get into power, next year it will be Imperialism—in sooth, this English Tory faction have assumed, within the last ten years, so many names, to conceal their hideous deformity, and of as ludicrous a variety, as there are colors in the jacket of a harlequin—I say, under the government of old John Adams, this harlequin of Federalism, was in the heyday of her power; then was passed those flagitious "Alien and Sedition Laws"—laws as savage as they were severe, and equally a disgrace to the age and an insult to the nation. By the former of these Algerine enactments, all foreigners were liable to be expelled the country, without rhyme or reason, by the simple fiat of the President. This infamous edict was principally levelled against the introduction of Irish emigrants, unhappy Ireland being at that time (1798) bleeding at every pore, and drenched in the best blood of her children, fruitlessly shed in an ill-directed attempt at the liberation of their beloved country from the iron despotism of England.

Adams, a flaming patriot at the commencement of the Revolution, was at this period, in heart and feeling, a thorough-paced Aristocrat. The writers of that day assign as the cause of this desertion by him of his first love, the flattering reception he met with at the Court of George the Third, on his presentation to that blockhead of a monarch as the first Minister to Great Britain from the then infant Government of the United States. Be this as it may, he returned to his native country a decided admirer of England and her institutions; and knowing that Irish Democrats, of all other foreigners, would naturally become the most decided opponents of his high-handed proceedings, he persecuted that liberty-loving people with the ferocity of Robespierre—a persecution which has been savagely continued by this same Federal faction, and is in active operation at this very moment.

By the sedition law, natives as well as

naturalized citizens were subjected to severe fine and imprisonment for daring to open their mouths even in deprecation of the depressing despotism, which weighed like a nightmare upon the liberties of the people. In profligate judges and packed juries were found the ready and unscrupulous instruments of this wicked usurpation; and men of distinguished patriotism and public virtue, were selected its destined victims. Hence Adams' administration is called to this day "the reign of terror."

Among the many eminent Republicans who, at this dreadful crisis, bravely headed the old tyrant, was Matthew Lyon, then a member of Congress from the State of Vermont. In utter contempt of Federal vengeance, and totally reckless of the consequences, Lyon, with that devotion to Democracy and love of independence which ought to characterize every genuine son of the Green Isle, boldly proclaimed his hostility to the dynasty of Adams, and his denunciation of the measures of his administration. This was in fact, a grand send to the old tyrant, and his whole pack of Federal beagles. To make an example of the Irish patriot—to crucify the Irish Democrat—was the first wish of their hearts. Honest Matthew Lyon was accordingly sentenced to four months' imprisonment, and a fine of \$1,000. The following extract of a letter written by him to his constituents, while confined in the goal of Vergennes, will show the nature of his crime and the malice of his persecutors:

"My real offences consisted in this, that I would not sacrifice your sacred confidence to the plots of those who wished to see a greedy court filled with military courtiers, spies, and stockjobbers, who would grow fat on the hard earnings of the farmers and mechanics."

Thus Lyon's offence was his FIDELITY TO THE PEOPLE, and HIS CRIME, TO BE AN IRISHMAN. During the last session of Congress, a bill passed both houses, and received Mr. Van Buren's cheerful assent, refunding to the heirs of the Irish martyr the above fine, and making every reparation that at this distant day could be expected by his injured family. The son of an Irishman, Turney, introduced the bill in the House. The sons of Irishmen, Calhoun, Buchanan, and Allen, supported it in the Senate. In both branches the bill was carried by the Democratic vote. And, among the "nays" of the Federalists, who, to a man, opposed it, will be found recorded the names of Grinnell, Monroe, Curtis, and Hoffman, the Representatives from the city of New York. I have alluded to this thrilling incident of the "reign of terror," inasmuch as Seward, Governor of New York, and Harrison, the Federal candidate for the Presidency, are both leading members of the sanguinary party which inflicted the enormity.

GRATTAN.

MURRAY'S FLUID MAGNESIA.—The following official report of its efficacy is founded upon twenty years' experience by Dr. Comins, Inspector of Army Hospitals, communicated to the discoverer, Sir James Murray.

"The Solution of Magnesia is found particularly beneficial as a pleasing sedative and aperient, in all cases of irritation or acidity of the stomach, particularly during pregnancy, febrile complaints, infantile disorders, or sea sickness."

An ounce or two of the Solution speedily removes heartburn, acid eructations, sourness, or irregular digestions of females and children."

In the army and navy it has been found to compose the stomach in a few minutes, after any excess or hard drinking."

For preventing the evolution or deposition of uric acid, in gout or gravel, the efficacy of the dissolved magnesia was long since authenticated by Drs. McDonnell and Richardson, and Sir James Murray."

The Solution is of itself an agreeable aperient, but its laxative properties can be much augmented by taking with it, or direly after it, a little lemon juice mixed with sugar and water, or a cream of tartar tea—in this manner a very agreeable effervescent draught can be safely taken at any time during fever or thirst."

The antiseptic qualities of this Solution, owing to the presence of so much carbonic acid, have been found very valuable in putrid and other fevers. As a lotion for the mouth, it sweetens the breath, and the magnesia clears the teeth from tartar."

The Solution has almost invariably succeeded in removing the fits, spasms, headaches, and gastric coughs to which delicate persons are subject from acids and crudities of the stomach and bowels."

Extract from the Medico-Chirurgical Review for April, 1829, edited by Dr. James Johnson, physician extraordinary to the late King, &c. &c.

"Purified Solution of Magnesia.—This very useful and elegant preparation we have been trying for some months, as an aperient and acid in dyspeptic complaints, attended with acidity and constipation, and with very great benefit. It has the advantage over common magnesia in being dissolved, and therefore not liable to accumulate in the bowels. It is decidedly superior to soda or potash, on account of its agreeable quality, and of its having no tendency to reduction of flesh and strength, which two carbonates abovementioned certainly tend to, when long continued and taken in considerable quantities. We hope Sir James Murray will take the trouble to make it more generally accessible to the public in this metropolis, there being only one or two authorized agents here."

Sir Humphrey Davy testified that this Solution forms soluble combinations with uric acid salts in cases of gout and gravel, thereby counteracting their injurious tendency when other alkalies and even magnesia itself had failed."

For sale at TODD'S Drug Store, Sept. 6.

JOB PRINTING.

of all descriptions, neatly executed at this office.